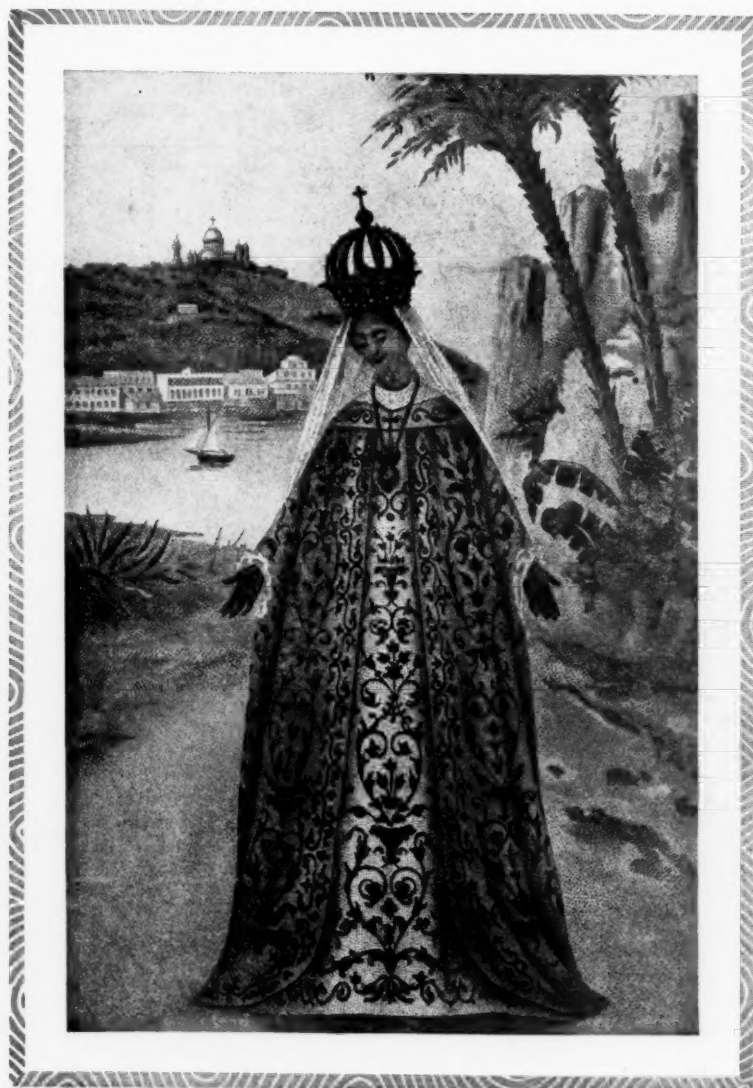


The MESSENGER

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MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our new American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior

319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REVEREND JOSEPH KIWANUKA

First Black Bishop of CENTRAL AFRICA

at the

Mother House of the Missionary Sisters of

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

ON JANUARY 2nd, we had the honor and the joy of having one of the twelve Missionary Bishops, consecrated at Rome on the Feast of Christ, the King, 1939.

His Excellency, Bishop Kiwanuka was accompanied by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Henry Streicher, the Archbishop of Brysis, the old Apostolic Vicar of Uganda; by Reverend Father Jeuland, Assistant General of the White Fathers, and by three other priests of the same Society.

First a Novice read the Address of Welcome, then Archbishop Streicher, a veteran of the Apostolate, whose life has been spent in the midst of the Blacks, let his heart speak.

Pointing to the newly Elect of the Lord, he said.

"Behold the flower of my episcopal crown, a son of pure Bantu race - the first 'Muganda' raised to the episcopate whom I accompanied to Rome for his consecration, on the special invitation of His Holiness, Pius XII."

For about three quarters of an hour, the talk was of the lovely Mission of Uganda: - about the early trials of any work of God's which must yield much fruit - ; about the foundation of the Seminary for Native Clergy and about the Congregation of the Native Sisters. Above all, did Archbishop Streicher insist upon the necessity of subjects, knowing English, at the White Sisters, with a view of preparing Black Sisters for teaching in the Schools of Equatorial Africa.

"My task is finished," His Excellency said to us in closing - "the Church has her head in Uganda - I may go. I shall give my episcopal crosier and mitre to Bishop Kiwanuka, and, until God calls me, I shall ever be ready to help him. I beg your prayers for myself and my labors, for it is no mere trifle to rule over a Mission."

His Excellency the Most Reverend Joseph Kiwanuka was a Professor of Theology at the Major Seminary of Katigondo when his promotion was sent to him. As one of the Society of the White Fathers, he wears their habit, on which now glistens a magnificent pectoral cross, the gift of the Holy Father.

The Vicariate of Masaka, which is entrusted to him, while not the largest of those of Uganda, is the most flourishing from the point of view of piety. The new Bishop will have under his jurisdiction 180,000 souls, of which 105,000 are baptized, without counting the catechumens, in preparation for baptism. Forty to forty-five Native Priests will be his precious co-workers.

The two prelates blessed us on leaving. Bishop Kiwanuka went in the afternoon to St. Charles' Orphanage and to our Sisters, ill in the Sanatorium. As an ending to this beautiful day, His Excellency, assisted by White Fathers, gave us Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel at the Mother House.

His stay among us makes us love still more this black race, which Holy Mother Church has singularly honored in the person of Bishop Kiwanuka. The "Surge illuminare, Jerusalem" of the Epiphany, rises spontaneously to our lips; borrowing the accents of the Prophet, may we not also say:

"Arise and be enlightened, oh Black Africa; for your light has come and the glory of the Lord has arisen upon thee." Is. 60.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

In order to facilitate the renewal of your subscription you will find enclosed an addressed envelope. Kindly insert the price of the subscription, seal, stamp and mail.

We ask our Guild Members and those who have already renewed their subscription, not to take notice of the envelope.

A True Missionary Joy

DURING Holy Week the Christians receive two instructions each day.

On Holy Wednesday, the Sisters hasten to Church to prepare the repository. One takes care of the beautiful fresh roses, another spreads out the draperies and laces, while I, with hammer and nails, busy myself at making a reed frame to ease our work.

Natives, young and old, surround me as they always do each time they can approach a Sister at work. They could pass whole days at it without budging and - more especially today as they quickly noticed that carpentry was a new trade for me.

Silence is broken by Margarita, a former child of the Sisters': "Amai, (Mother) I wish to speak to you."

Margarita, the fervent neophyte, who had won over her village to the Mission. Margarita, the happy young wife and Christian mother, there were great hopes on this Catholic family.

Alas, it happened to Margarita as to many other young wives, her husband departed for foreign climes leaving her alone with three children. For a long time she was faithful and happiness was her lot. However, at length misery came and settled, finding no great resistance. Fervor weakened, confidence faltered in this soul that no longer sought strength and courage there, where her inspiration would have been revived. Guided by the false advice of pagan elders, she accepted Paulo's proposal and took her place at his hearth.

Paulo had money, with him, she found again the easier life of former days: clothing, shelter, food for herself and her children.

Now what could be on Margarita's mind today? Most likely, one of those village gossips; she readily spoke of one or the other while carefully averting for herself, ever to become the topic.

Without looking up, I said: "You really have not chosen your moment Margarita, come another day at Easter for example, then I'll have time to listen to you."

"Oh! Amai, wait till that day?"

"If you are in a hurry speak, I am listening."



**Our Margarita
with that expression of true joy and peace
irradiated on her ebony face.**

Silence was complete around us, still Margarita did not speak. Having finished the delicate operation of driving four or five nails in bamboos without breaking them, I looked up. My interlocutor was standing there with an expression on her face, I had never seen before.

I guessed that there was something extraordinary and understood that Margarita would not speak before everybody.

"Come there, are you going to stand here all day watching my nailing? Do you not know the bell will soon ring for the second instruction and that you will find no more place in Church."

I hardly had finished when the bell was heard causing every one to move along. I remained alone with Margarita who quickly began:

"Amai, I am so happy!"

"Happy, why you told me it was always thus."

"Oh! It was not true - you know very well it was not."

"Then you are today? Ah, I understand, it is your aunt's good fortune that makes you so happy." (The Queen-Mother, Margarita's aunt baptized "in periculo mortis" some months ago was to make her first Holy Communion on Maundy Thursday.)

"Yes, surely, she is so happy to receive this Sacrament, however it is not only that which causes all my happiness."

"What then? I could not guess, and you know, I am in a hurry."

"Amai," continued a trembling voice, "I also am going to receive the good God in my heart at Easter."

"You are deceiving me, Margarita, it is not true."

"Amai, you know well that I am not joking; I can live this way no longer, all is over now; I went to confession yesterday, I will return today, and tomorrow, Holy Thursday, I shall go to Communion."

With these words she left me to go back to Church and assist at the instruction.

For a few minutes hammer, nails, bamboos vanished and I saw nothing else but this soul becoming pure again, this stray sheep returning to the fold, and I knew, I understood the words of the Good Shepherd: "There will be more joy in Heaven upon one stray sheep returning to the fold than for ninety-nine others who remain faithful."

My companions shared this happiness with me and we finished the day in acts of Thanksgiving. During the following days, days of prayer but also days of multiple occupations for us, we did not see our Margarita.

Easter morning, soon after the first Mass she was at the door waiting for us with the same expression of joy irradiated on her black face.

"Well, Margarita, you are happy!" For the first time I saw a black face truly affected. Her voice trembling with emotion she said to us:

"I am so happy I do not know how to tell you! Everything around me seems to be renewed. It seems that I am living in another country, a country so beautiful, so beautiful." Then she told us the hardships that she had had to endure to reach the goal.

"Each time you came to see me, I had a mind to hide and remain hidden all the time. I was happy to have your visit, but on the other hand, I knew you would speak to me of the dear Lord and then, I would not be able to sleep. I had a mind to give no importance to your words, but when you left in spite of myself: 'Oh! If I were to die tonight where would I go?' Then I prayed to the Holy Mother to have pity on me. The Blessed Virgin! What has she not done for me! I would not know how to tell you. I feel it. It is due to her that I am so happy today. It is She who gave me the strength to break

the chains which kept me in evil and to become her child again. For a long time, indeed the Father had tried in vain to persuade me to resume the straight path. Observing that he gained no ground, he made me promise to pray each day to the Holy Virgin, adding that this good Mother never rejected the prayers of her children, even those of a poor wretch like myself. I have always been faithful to my promise. Each day I recited a few 'Ave Marias' and as you know I always kept my rosary."

Two years have passed since that beautiful day. Margarita remains faithful to her good resolutions and endeavors, as she herself indeed said, to make up by her good example and advice, for all the scandal she caused around her. Pray for her, dear Reader, for her perseverance and for the perseverance of so many other sheep who in returning to the sheepfold each year at the Easter Season rejoice the heart of the Good Shepherd and of His missionaries.

Pray also for the others, more numerous still, who do not know Our Divine Lord. Yes, pray for all these poor souls, recalling to yourself that the salvation of only one soul is better than the conquest of an empire.

Sister Mary of the Snows, W. S.
Ntakataka, Nyassa.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For the Ransom of Pagan Babies:

A School of Newark Archdiocese
St. Francis Xavier School, Waterbury, Conn. —
2 babies
Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Brooklyn,
N. Y. — 2 babies
Villa Maria Academy, Buffalo, N. Y.
St. Bernard's School, Saranac Lake, N. Y. —
6 babies

For the Lepers:

Mrs. Marg. McCarty, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. A. M. James, Detroit, Mich.
Miss L. Hess, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss A. Wall, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. G. B. Yale, Glendale Cal.

To Dress a Child for First Holy Communion:

Miss Marg. Kelly, New York, N. Y.

For a Sanctuary Lamp:

Miss E. Pozonke, New York, N. Y.

Bread for the Orphans:

Miss M. M. Santori, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. L. Berthiaume, Biddeford, Me.
Miss E. Pozonke, New York, N. Y.

First Communion Dresses:

Daughters of Isabella, E. Millinocket, Me.
Miss E. Pozonke, New York, N. Y.

EACH TIME the child and later the young girl hears, in her meditative soul, this prayer of the Master thirsting for souls that He has come to save, she receives a grace more imperative, a stronger impulse in her more generous will. Yet, however, she hesitates, she still doubts and sometimes even, she fears understanding, fears replying to the sweet invitation that the Savior God reiterates many times; she struggles a little, perhaps much, then she objects: "How ask me for something to drink, me, who am . . . what I am? How ask me for souls Lord, me, poor child, deprived of all!" And Jesus replies: "If you knew the gift of God, and who It is who speaks, you would have asked Him to drink." (St. John, Ch. IV-V, 10.)

The "Gift of God," it is this look of predilection and of love which Christ casts on the soul He wishes for Himself; it is the choice He has made of her for His Apostle; it is His sanctifying grace; His superhuman strength; His supernatural courage; His divine life; it is He Himself who takes possession of the instrument, which He has chosen, so great and so well that it is possible and permitted to say again after the great Saint Paul - "By the grace of God, I am what I am," and again, "My life, it is Christ's. It is no longer I who lives, it is Christ who lives in me." The vocation to the Apostolate is truly the gift of God.

If you knew Him who speaks to you - who calls you, who invites you, who instructs you, who fortifies you, who will aid you always and reward you eternally! If you knew Him, your doubts would end, and with all the ardor of a will which gives itself entirely, in your turn, you would ask to drink of this living water, gushing forth even to life eternal. "Lord, give me of this water." And the Master, compassionate and good, would provoke your confidences, place before your eyes, your humiliating weakness, your searching for worldly pleasures, your fears of sacrifice, your inavowable desire to withdraw yourself from His advances, and on what trifles your soul, so beautiful yet, is saddled. And He would linger on, speaking to you of the need and means of breaking the shackles, of going straight to God. Then communicating to you the Apostolic zeal which devours Him He would direct you to the conquest of souls; water, munificent with charity, with pity, with devotion even to death! Then you would return to Him, accompanied by a great number who

To An Aspirant

The Story of a Vocation: its birth, ho

"Give me to drink." (St. J.)

would believe in Him: Water living with the reward gushing forth even to life eternal.

This thirst of the fatigued Master, reposing at Jacob's well, is heard by the apostolic soul even to the summit of Calvary: Till there even, she rises in pursuit of One from Whom she will never more suffer to be separated. At this sublime, "I thirst," without hesitation now, she replies: "You are thirsty, O my Divine Master? I wish to quench that thirst by giving you my soul, my blood, my life, to give you other souls who will quench your thirst still further.

Atavism of sanctity! Divine heredity! This thirst for souls, the First Missionary perpetuates in His children. Who does not know the burning words of the Martyr of Mexico, the Reverend Father Pro, S. J.

"Lord, deprive me of all but give me souls,
Deprive me of health, fortune, honor

But give wings to the devouring flames
That zeal and love take fire in my heart."

While reading these lines, spoken by a heart enamored by the love of God and of souls, Missionary Soul called to these heights, will you still resist? In Africa, millions of infidels await you to satiate your hunger for immolation. The Lord giving ear to your prayers and vows, gives them to you in an incalculable number, these souls whom you desire to save. They are yours and will be the fruit of your labors. To go to them, to answer fully the calling and the expectation of Him who sends you to them, to be qualified for the work of the Redeemer, you must pass first the crucible of trial: the postulate and novitiate, probation sweet and austere at the same time. Sweet for the formation of the religious in the first place: the stripping of worldly habits, the acquiring of those which become the religious state. Initial transformation with-



aspirant Missionary

th, how it matures and is perfected.

(St. John, Ch. IV, v. VII)

out offense, without precipitation, without violence; virtue is sweet, patient, prudent; it instills itself in a soul of good-will almost unknowingly by the daily exercise of meditation, of work and prayer. Austere probation also, as the formation of the missionary proceeds: ascending observation of devotion, of forgetting of self, of detachment, of renunciation, of immolation: the whole based on a great love of God to obtain His glory, and of souls to save them.

This enumeration of the virtues necessary for the religious missionary is summed in one very significant word: *Obedience*. The obedience that Saint Ignatius calls, "characteristic virtue and principle of a company of Apostles," encloses in itself all other virtues. Saint Ignatius says again, "If this virtue flourishes in you, the others will flourish there without fail." To postulants and novices, then, great flexibility of character is necessary and

an uncommon energy to allow themselves to be formed, reformed, transformed. "Then, when, by the grace of God, they will have become instruments fit for His plans, they will carry to the poor infidels of Africa, by the exercise of charity, by words and deeds the light of the Holy Gospels." (Cardinal Lavignerie.)

Here is another quotation from the precepts given by their Founder to the White Sisters: "The life of the Sisters is one of humility, simplicity, poverty, mortification, work, in view of the conversion of pagan women. They must be all to all, to gain by the ministry of teaching and charity, so many poor souls for Jesus Christ and His Church, to aid and enlighten, to lift up from degradation so many unfortunate women, and not to recoil before any pain, not even death, when it is a question of extending God's Kingdom."

One sees that this spirit is no other but the Apostolic spirit which supposes and requires in its subjects, the virtues enumerated above, or at least the desire to

acquire them; in particular, the devotion which ought to go so far, (the Founder indicated) even, to the immolation of self, and the practical spirit of obedience which he regarded as the indispensable foundation of the Apostolic vocation.

* * * * *

This long story, given for your reflection, dear aspirant to the missionary life, ought not to lessen your courage or diminish your ardor for doing good, I explain myself, to do what the dear Lord asks of you, where He asks you, and when He asks you. Have faith in Him, blind faith, absolute confidence. Abandon yourself to Him, without restriction, He, who calls you to follow Him, will be good enough, rich enough, powerful enough, loving enough always, to give to your soul the hundred-fold promised to those who earnestly wish to respond to His divine offer.

May Our Lady of Africa, our Queen and Mother guard you, guide you, and strengthen your vocation to the Apostolate.

Some voices from Africa, more authorized than mine, will make the last hesitations, the last fears disappear, quite legitimate they may be, in the face of so gigantic a task proposed to your weakness.

A venerable religious, worn out in the service of God and the Africans, writes: "We, the sowers, disappear one by one; the harvest is ripe and presents itself, very beautiful - the wheat will soon be ready and we shall not be there to gather it. Will it be abandoned to the hands of the enemy? What are our young compatriots doing? May they come in great numbers to gather in the ripe ears! An immense consolation awaits them."

Another, quite young and at the beginning of her career writes: "Ah, if they knew in dear America! If they could see! If they wanted! The postulate would be filled this year, and with what generosity and holy haste, the postulants would prepare for their future labors."

A third one says: "Mother, I believe you connive with the good Master to deceive your postulants. He has promised the hundred-fold to those who leave all to follow Him, even out here. You promised us happiness in Africa, in our life full of rigors and renunciations. Well, it is not the hundred-fold that I have received; it is not happiness that is my lot. For the little that I may have given, I have received in return, grace upon

(Please turn to page 105)





Ouardia smiles her gratitude to the dear benefactors whose sacrifices maintain her "new home."

A Seed of Charity

IN THE little village of Koubou, situated at the base of a ravine in the Atlas Mountains, a seed of charity has grown unknown to men but blessed by God.

The children of a poor Kabyle family died one after the other in their early infancy. There remained but one little girl, Ouardia and her baby brother. At four years of age she too was threatened with a serious congestion of the lungs. Her parents yielding to the advice of a relative, brought their dying girl to the White Sisters' Hospital.

Coming to see his little one at all hours of the day and night, the father always found Sister at his child's sick bed, tenderly caring for his weeping child. Such devotion went straight to his heart and he brought in his little son, whom it appeared would soon follow his brothers and sisters in the grave.

However, God being Master of life and death, Ouardia and Rabah went home to their parents in perfect health. No words can express the gratitude of the latter. It seems too that with the children God's blessings entered the little household, as time passed two healthy baby

boys came to bring more joy to the family.

When Ouardia approached her tenth year there was talk of marrying her. Sister was very much perturbed over the matter. Her little Ouardia to be married! and to whom? Did the Kabyle forget his promises? She went to Koubou to see the father.

"What," said she, "you are going to sell your daughter, didn't you say that I was her mother, that I had saved her life and that of your son?" (In Kabylia, parents sell their daughters in marriage.)

"Yes," agreed the father, "you are her mother. I will never do anything for her without asking your consent. Without you, they would both be dead. It is only just that your wishes should be consulted."

"If you mean what you say, give her to us for some time. I will teach Ouardia to work, to sew, to wash, and we will find her a husband who will be good to her, who will not beat her."

"That is what I want. You are good, you know what is good for her, you are her mother. Take Rabah too, he is your son, you saved him."

"Very well," said Sister, "Rabah will go to school with the Fathers, and Ouardia will stay with me. We will come to see you often."

As agreed, it was done. The traditional donkey cart brought the two children to the hospital. The boy was placed with the Fathers while Ouardia remained with the Sisters and was initiated into the various household duties.

From time to time the children were taken to see their parents who were proud to see them so full of life. Ouardia was dressed in the native *gandoura* or blouse, becoming and modest, a broad sash around her waist, a silk handkerchief around her head, a necklace around her throat, bracelets on her arms and her feet bare. She was indeed a charming little girl.

At the end of the day the children were always glad to return to the Mission while the younger ones pleaded to be allowed to accompany them.

The parents would willingly leave their home at Koubou to establish a new one in

(Please turn to page 106)

Doings of the Guilds

JERSEY CITY, N. J.: The Our Lady of Africa Mission Guild held their major event of the season, the annual Card Party, at the beginning of the year — it has proved to be one of the most successful ever held, which highly praises the efficiency of our zealous organizers and co-operators.

A very substantial amount was brought in by the Treasurer, Miss Boland, accompanied by other devoted friends of the Missions. The dues are also regularly forwarded or brought to us.

Heartfelt thanks, from the poor Missionaries in foreign land and from us, for the splendid work you are all doing.

The next meeting will take place at the home of our President, Miss Coleman, on April 23rd.

LOWELL, MASS.: Successful card parties were held for the benefit of the White Sisters by the members of Our Lady of Africa Mission Circle. Many homes were opened for the occasion. The largest group of players enjoyed themselves at the A.E.F.A. Hall. Among homes where parties were held were: Miss J. Biron, president; Miss S. Paradis, vice president; Miss O. Lachance, secretary; Miss A. Dumont, treasurer; the Misses G. Caron, I. Genereux, T. Levasseur and T. Morissette, who are promoters. The results were very successful and our sincere gratitude to all who have helped to accumulate this amount for the Missions.

At the next meeting, Monday, March 11, at the home of Miss S. Paradis the annual election of officers will take place for the coming year. The sincere thanks to the outgoing officers for they are the pioneers and have started the work which has given very satisfactory results for the first year. May the next officers with their members make the coming year bigger and better than the first.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.: An interview with Mrs. Kelly has assured us that with the help of Mrs. Gallagher and other active promoters, we shall soon be having the first fruits of this newly organized Mission Guild.

HARTFORD, CONN.: Our small group is ever so faithful with their efforts in helping with the medical supplies for our Missions, their dues bring great relief to the needy Missions.

We regret having to report that the president of the Guild, Miss McSweeney has met with an accident, kindly remember her in your prayers. We know that other members of the Guild will help her to carry on the good work she so zealously began.

Our great appreciation to all and deepest sympathy for our sick President.

TO AN ASPIRANT MISSIONARY

(Concluded)

grace, happiness upon happiness. Heaven alone surpasses the vocation of a missionary on earth."

This enthusiasm will never pass, if this one who describes her actual happiness thus, remains what she ought to be, a true religious and a true missionary. *O taste and see that the Lord is sweet.* (Ps XIII, 9) *Blessed is he whom thou has chosen and taken to thee.* (Ps LXIV, 5).

Sister M. Gerarda, W. S.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.: The zealous members of the Mission Guild have generously sent dresses for our first Communicants. They may be assured that the proud receiver will fervently pray for the donor. They will soon be on their way to British East Africa and rejoice the hearts of the Missionary and her charges.

Our sincere gratitude to Mrs. Lang and devoted Mission workers for all help sent to us.

DETROIT, MICH.: The Eucharistic Mission Band has generously answered to our appeal for requisites for our Native Sisters' Chapels; sincere thanks for their valuable boxes of vestments and altar linens.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.: News of another Mission Guild, in its infancy and formation, came from a group of zealous workers, founded by Mrs. Zutterman. May this lover of souls find many generous co-operators and we trust that interesting news of its organization and activities will reach us before the issue of the next Messenger.

Congratulations and a hearty welcome to our Guild Column. Mrs. Zutterman has a Sister laboring in Africa, she will be very grateful for any help given to the Missions. May this Mission Guild expand and be as active as all the others which have entered the Circle.

VERNON, N. Y.: In spite of the inclement weather and illnesses, this little band of Mission Helpers are zealously working to collect their dues, which they have forwarded to us recently. Our sincere gratitude for their Charity and Sacrifices for the NEEDY.

EAST DOUGLAS, MASS.: Sincere gratitude to our dear Mission friends, who are keeping up keen interest for their adopted child, Theresia.

MOMBASA! . . . WILD ANIMALS THERE ARE NONE! . . .

Because Mombasa is damp it forms an excellent breeding ground for termites, or white ants. They have great powers in the line of destruction, along with a voracious appetite. They will eat anything from a school roof down to a copy book. They make a Superior's hair grow gray, especially when roofs have to be pulled down and renewed when one had planned to build a new class-room with the money.

There is nothing to be done. Tons of carbolic may kill a few thousand but to get down to the queen royal, who is constantly laying eggs, is a difficult thing.

Wild animals there are none in Mombasa . . .

Most of them are too bulky to cross the sea in safety. Once however our convent was invaded by two stray monkeys run loose from Noah's ark no doubt, for they had in them all the marks of primitive wildness. If ever the shadow of one sets on your gate, bolt all your doors and windows for monkeys will be monkeys!

For three days we had no peace in the convent. They gamboled on the verandah, sat down on the parlor chairs broke our crockery, stole our oranges and stamped on the iron roofed school, making a dreadful noise. During our spiritual reading they climbed on the iron-barred windows and shook their tails at us as devils do in hell.

One of them stole a Sister's fountain-pen and ran away with it to the roof of the house. The Sister shook her fist at the monkey, the monkey shook its fist at the Sister, then sent the fountain-pen down with a crash.

Evidently they were not fit for convent life, so we sentenced them to death.

Guy de Fontgalland

By L. L. McReavy, M. A.

WHAT could he do? His mother would continue to suffer at his supposed indifference to class-work, until he should reveal his secret, and the terrible handicap under which he was labouring, and yet to do that would not only cause her more pain, but would ruin God's special work in his soul as well. Of course he only thought of her pain, but it is none the less true that the progress of his inner life would inevitably have suffered by exposure, and if he did not realize that, God did, and saw to it that the secret was kept.



Meanwhile, with the thought of his own decease constantly before his mind, he began to take a keen interest in the death of others. There was no morbidity about it, just that simple familiarity which made S. Francis refer to "Sister Death." After all it is the cardinal point in every life, and deserves investigation.

On March 3rd, 1923, one of his grandfathers died suddenly. Guy climbed to the bed, touched and embraced the dead man, and passed his hands through the hair and moustaches.

"Anyway," he said to his broken-hearted grandmother, "there's no need to cry grandpa is in Heaven, he's near good Jesus. Death is only the door we must pass through to go there."

Then, in the December of the same year, he lost his other grandfather, Count Anatole de Fontgalland, who, after receiving the Last Sacraments, called Guy's mother and said to her: "I shall never succeed in thanking you enough, for it is to you that I owe the two chief joys of my life, my two dear grandsons. See to

it that they grow to be men of mark, to carry on the traditions of their ancestors, for the Church, and for France. Would that I might have lived to see Guy and Mark in their twenties. O God! I offer up my life for their happiness."

Guy shared very keenly in the general grief, and taken off his guard for a moment, allowed several prophetic remarks to escape him, all of which were in due time fully realized.

"I shall rejoin him soon," he said.

"I shall lie next to him in the family vault."

"There are a lot of articles in the papers about him. There'll be a lot printed about me as well, after my death."

Off hand remarks they were, uttered almost as though he were thinking aloud, and after a momentary stir, as quickly forgotten by those who heard them. For if his thoughts were often of death, they seldom escaped his rigid control to find expression in words. He was indeed well resigned. If there was much that was bitter, there was also much that was sweet in the prospect; death, after all, was but the door to life.

(To be continued)

GUY DE FONTGALLAND

Relics, pictures and the life of the boy may be obtained at 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope when requesting relics.

OBITUARY

The Most Reverend E. F. Sauvaut, W. F., retired Vicar Apostolic of Bamako, French West Africa

Rev. Fr. Millnault, W. F.

Rev. Bro. Rogation, W. B.

Rev. J. J. McGrath, Riverton, N. J.

Rev. A. Buisson, Spencer, Mass.

Rev. F. S. Rusin, Syracuse, N. Y.

Rev. Bro. Julian Austin, New York, N. Y.

Sister M. Noel, W. S., St. Charles, Algiers

Sister M. Celse, W. S., St. Charles, Algiers

Mother M. Clement Lynch, Mercy Sisters, Worcester, Mass.

Mother Francis de Sales, Visitation Nuns, New York, N. Y.

Mr. G. Blake, Woodbury, N. J.

Miss E. Nivens, Guild Member, Bronx, N. Y.

Mrs. E. Paradis, Lowell, Mass.

Miss C. Kaylor, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. E. Saulnier, Corberrie, N. S.

Mr. L. Babin, Corberrie, N. S.

Mrs. Bott, New York, N. Y.

A SEED OF CHARITY

(Concluded from Page 104)

the vicinity of the Sisters. Once freed of the influence of their neighbors, grace would quickly accomplish its work in these hearts which charity has already won over. But they would need a shelter and though the little houses of our Christians are modest they do not spring up over night . . .

Let us hope that God will continue to protect these well meaning souls and that in the warm sun of His grace, the grain of mustard will spread out into a large tree.

Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

ALGERIA

Mother House
Algiers 4 missions
Ain-el-Arba
Attafs
Birkadem
Birmandries
El-Affroun
Maison Carree
Rivet

TUNISIA

Bizerte
Carthage
Kairouan
La Marsa
Souk-el-Arba
Thibar
Tunis

ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou
Beni-Mengallet 2 missions
Beni-Yenni
Bou-Nouh
Djemaa-Saharidj
Iril-Ali
Oued' hias
Oued-Aissi
Taguemount-Azouz
Tizi-Ouzou

SAHARA

Ain-Sefra
Biskra 2 missions
El-Golea
Ghardaia
Geryville
Laghout 2 missions
Ouargla
Touggourt

GOLD COAST

Navrongo

FRENCH WEST AFRICA UGANDA

Bamako 2 missions
Bodo-Dioulasso
Kita
Koupela
Mandyakuy
Ouagadougou 2 missions
Toma
Samoe
Segou

Bwanda
Hoima
Kisoubi
Roubaga
Toro
Villa Maria

RHODESIA

Cilubi
Cilubula 2 missions
Ipusikiro
Kayambi
Lubwe
Minga

BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions
Baudoinville
Bobandana
Bunya
Costermanville
Kamisuku
Kasongo
Katana
La Fomulac
Logo
Loulenga
Mpala

RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida
Issavi 2 missions
Kabgaye
Katara
Muguera
Muyaga
Nyondo
Rushubi
Rwasa
Usumbura
Zaza

KENYA COLONY

Mangu
Mombasa

NYASSALAND

Bembeke
Kachebere
Mua
Ntakataka

TANGANYIKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi
Kagondo
Kala
Kate
Karema
Kigoma
Kisa
Mary Hill
Mbulu
Mugana
Mwansa
Mwazzie
Ndala
Oujiji
Ukerewe
Ushirombo
Sumwe
Tabora
Zimba

In these 114 missions the White Sisters conduct 35 hospitals, 27 Maternity Hospitals, 39 Baby Welfare Centers, 95 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 55 workrooms, 102 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 14 native Novitiates.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

Would you not like to help in their works and share their merits?
See inside of front cover.

In Africa, Holy Saturday is the birthday of thousands of
newly baptized Christians.



White Sisters and Neophytes

The latter still proudly wear, around the neck, the card indicating
their new Christian name.

